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AMALFI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where amid her mulberry trees
Sits Amalfi in the best,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tides, Summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge
The Canoe runs down the hills,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrents leap between
Rocky walls that rise so steep,
Toiling up from stair to stair,
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What incoherent fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stairs,
On its terrace walk the monks,
Censuring monk and lay hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof:
Wondering what a good end
All this toil and traffic lead,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care, and free from pain,
And the sorrows of the world,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted boats,
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knight in iron armor
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pump of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares?
And their galleons, brigantines
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of clouds,
Like a passing trumpet blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd?
Fathoms deep beneath the sea
Lie the ancient wharfs and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls,
Hidden from all mortal eyes,
Deep the sunken city lies,
Even deeper their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweep the blue Sardinian bay
With its speckle of white sand;
Further still and further on,
On the dim-discovered coast,
Pasternum with its ruins lie,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On its terrace high in air,
Nothing dross the good monk care
For such wild tales as these,
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the sea:
In the shining chestnut trees,
Nothing else he hears or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The enroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, father-down,
Into caverns full and deep!

Walled about by drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce northern blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river ebbing in ice,
Come this memory of the past,
Come this vision unto me,
Of a long lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

MY QUIET FELLOW-TRAVELER.

One bitterly cold evening last winter, I was sitting with my old school-fellow, Charlie Foster, in my study—a comfortable room in the house, arranged throughout with a proper regard to warmth and convenience.

"How jolly this is!" exclaimed Charlie, glancing round. "I would rather be in than out such a night as this. Just listen to the wind, how it howls and blusters, and yet not a breath gets in here. I must say this is not a bad corner to occupy in this weather, and I envy you not a little. Things always go straight with you, Harry. I do believe you never had a slice of ill-luck or a disagreeable adventure in your life."

"You are wrong there, my boy," replied I, "for once upon a time—it is a long while ago now, though—I had a very disagreeable adventure, which might have ended in my being hanged by mistake for some one else. You remember, no doubt, that sixteen years ago, instead of being one of the partners in the firm of Ross, Haviland & Lawrence, I was only a clerk in their office."

"Yes, yes, I know," nodded Foster. "Well, one day Mr. Haviland, not being well enough to go himself, sent me to C— on some rather important business, some valuable documents had fallen into the hands of an obstinate, stupid old fellow who had been quarrelsome to a client of ours. The client was now of age and wished to act for himself and manage his own affairs, but old Brown, not considering him fit to do so, persisted in retaining the papers, and my mission was to persuade him to give them up quietly, and in the event of his refusing to threaten him with legal proceedings. I had great difficulty in inducing him to listen to reason, but when at last I succeeded, I telegraphed the news of my success to London, and a little later started homeward. I strolled down to the station, took a first-class ticket, and, after waiting for about ten minutes, the express came up and I took my seat. As I got into the carriage, a good-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, got out, and with that feeling of idle curiosity that sometimes comes over one when one has nothing to do, I put my head out of the window and looked after him, and, to my surprise, he got into another carriage a little further on. I began to wonder why on earth that fellow got out as I got in, and felt vaguely uncomfortable about it. However, when I perceived that the only other occupant of the carriage was an old gentleman, apparently fast asleep, I concluded that the young man wanted to smoke, and that the old gentleman, before addressing himself to slumber, had objected."

"This satisfied me, and I began to go over in my mind the events of the previous day. 'Well,' thought I, 'certainly I have managed the business very well. I expect I shall receive the compliments of the firm for it. I wonder if they will give me anything more substantial than compliments? If they do make me a pres-

ent it will be very acceptable just now,' said I to myself, for you see, Charlie, about eight weeks before, my dear Lizzie had presented me with a plump, red, pug-nacious little sprit. Well, all the aunts and cousins—so to say nothing of my wife, pronounced it the prettiest baby in the world, and I dare say I thought they were not far wrong; but one cannot sacrifice to a household idol of this kind without a little extra outlay, and for this reason and a few others not worth while mentioning, Lizzie and the baby were upmost in my thoughts. I assumed myself like a child with spending the money I hoped to receive in a dozen different ways for their benefit.

"At times I lapsed at my fellow traveler, who was all this time sound asleep in the corner directly opposite to me. His head was thrown back, a bright yellow handkerchief covered his face, and a thick railway rug was tucked tightly around him. Now having started in a great hurry, as Ross and Haviland had got a hint that old Brown meant to make a lengthy tour on the continent, I had forgotten to take my wrapper with me, so I contemplated my opposite neighbor with rather curious eyes, thinking how warm and comfortable he looked, and how very cold I felt. I tried to forget my discomfort by reading over my papers; but when at last I got through them I was as cold as before, or perhaps a little colder. However we were getting towards our journey's end, and that was some comfort—I determined to follow my fellow-traveler's example, and take a dose. I wish heartily I had not done so.

"First of all, I had a singularly unpleasant dream; for I dreamed that on arriving at home I found the street door open, and, on going in, saw staircases in all directions. I went up the one I fancied led to my rooms, but it ended as it should never get there. Flight after flight I went up, and thought the stairs would never come to an end. Then suddenly I found myself in the drawing room, and was struck by the cheerless look of everything; there was no fire in the grate, and the room was so dimly lighted that at first I did not see Lizzie. Then I became aware that she was leaning back in her armchair with the child lying in her lap; her eyes were closed, and her face was deadly pale. I cried out her name, but she did not move. With an undefined dread that seemed to make my heart contract, I rushed across the room to her; the floor heaved and swayed with my weight; I flung myself down by her side, and she seized her hand, when the chair overturned with a crash, and she seemed to fall heavily into my arms!

"I awoke with a cry of terror. The train had run nearly off some facing points and the tremendous jolt had thrown my fellow-traveler across my knees. I lifted half up, and he made no effort to help himself. With difficulty I replaced him on the seat. The head dropped back into the old position, and as the light now fell on the face I saw to my horror that the man was dead!

"I fell back into my seat, gasping for breath; but, in a few instants, I started up, and went to the further end of the carriage. 'Dead?' said I to myself, 'no it is impossible, he cannot be dead,' and turning hurriedly toward the old gentleman, I endeavored to stammer out a possible hope that the fall had not hurt him. It would not do; the words died away on my lips. I felt the fact of his death was too true. And the folly of asking for a corpse to have had it crossed my mind and gave me an absurd inclination to laugh, though I never felt less merry in my life.

"Then a terrible curiosity drew me back against my will to look again at the lifeless man. The blue, glazed eyes were wide open; the jaw slightly dropped; the cheeks and forehead were in patches of dark purple in the cheeks. He was tall, stout man, about sixty-five, and must have been handsome when alive; indeed, the face would have been still but that the half-open mouth and sightless stare gave him such a ghastly appearance.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"
VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MAY 19, 1875. NO. 20.

grave and horrified enough over the account of the poor old man.

"When I had finished, my wife looked so anxious and discomposed that I began to regret having told her, but, suddenly, she said, 'I am not at all surprised, I ought not to have told her, but I have explained what had happened? Might not people think that—that?' Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

"By Jove Lizzie," cried I, starting up, 'you are right, of course! They might think I had a hand in the poor fellow's death. Why, how could I give a fool! I must go at once and give information at the police office.'

"I put on my coat as I was speaking, but the happy thought came a little too late, for just as Lizzie was handing me my hat there came a tremendous peal at the front door. My wife and I looked at each other. She turned very pale, and I burst out laughing. That was not quite the right thing to do, perhaps, under the circumstances; but I could not help feeling amused, as well as embarrassed, at the scrape my folly had got me into, and I had not at the time the slightest idea of the disagreeable consequences that were to follow.

"'Cheer up, little woman,' said I. 'It is all right. I did not do it, you know. Go to bed like a wise girl, and I will come back as soon as I can and tell you the sequel of my story.'

"Just then the cook opened the door and said: 'Oh, if you please, um, there's two policemen at the door, and they says, 'um, they want to speak to master.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'I will go to them. It is very possible I shall be absent some time, cook, so take good care of my mistress till I come home,' and giving Lizzie a hasty kiss I walked out and faced my uninvited visitors. Before I could speak a word one of them touched me on the shoulder and said: 'You are wanted about that old gentleman found murdered in a first-class railway carriage, at Highgate station.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I was just coming down to the police station about it.'

"'Oh, was you?' said the man, in a grimly facetious manner; and, looking up, I saw he had stuck his finger in his cheek and was winking at his comrade. I longed to knock the fellow down, but knew it would hardly do to yield to the inclination; so I tried to console myself by remembering that I had only my own stupidity to thank for the unpleasant position I was in.

"Foster grinned and nodded a friendly and provoking greeting to the police officer. 'Well,' continued I, 'the police station was not far off, and we were soon in the presence of the inspector. As we entered he turned his calm, grave face toward us, and fixed an inquiring look on me for an instant, then, signing me to come forward, he said, quietly: 'Will you state all you know about this affair?' and he pointed with his pen to a bench on which the body of my late fellow-traveler was lying.

"I told him I knew nothing about the matter—that I did not know the man was dead until a few minutes before the train stopped, and had been much startled and shocked at the discovery; and he pointed with his pen to a bench on which the body of my late fellow-traveler was lying.

"'Why did you not give information as soon as you reached the station?' said the inspector, drily.

"'Well, really,' stammered I, 'I do not know why. Of course I ought to have done so. I can only account for my negligence to do it by the fact of my being in a hurry to reach home, and the certainty that he would be safe in the hands of the railway, who would know better what to do than I did.'

"This was a sorry kind of an explanation, and I was hardly surprised to find that it did not satisfy the police, but was, nevertheless, considerably dismayed when the inspector informed me I was a prisoner.

"'Poor little Lizzie!' thought I, 'what a fright she will be in.' However, I was permitted to send her a message to the effect that I was detained to give evidence, and that she was not to be uneasy.

"I was taken in a cab to Bow street, where I was charged with murdering and robbing an old gentleman named unknown. My pockets were turned out, my papers, purse, and watch taken from me, and even my cigar case, which was the last moment certainly the greatest privation. The charge was taken, and I was marched off to a cell and locked up. There sitting on one bench with my legs on another and my back fitted into an angle of the wall; I passed the night—such a miserable night it was! I should have perished had I not been rescued by the kindness of the jailor, who lent me a thick, loose coat and blanket. In wretched discomfort I dozed and dreamt, starting up now and then in bewilderment, wondering where I was, and then, suddenly recollecting, sank back to sleep to doze and wake by turns till morning. After some coffee and bread I was again taken before the court and examined, and, to my horror, sent to the House of Detention till the inquest should be over, when it was intimated I should be brought up again.

"Well, to cut short my story, for I see you yawning, I must tell you that the inquest was held, and the doctor declared that the old man was not murdered at all, but had died of apoplexy. So my offense was reduced to theft only; the fellow's pockets had been emptied and his watch taken.

"I should, no doubt, have been sent back for further evidence but that a prisoner had been brought in upon whom the stolen property had been found. The prisoner proved to be the identical tall, good-looking man who had left the railway carriage as I got in. The young fellow, who, on account of his gentlemanly, stylish appearance had got the sobriquet of 'the Prince,' was a professional thief, but on this occasion he had been on a pleasure trip to the North to see some friends, and he solemnly declared that he got into the carriage where the old gentleman was without any business-like intentions; that he always traveled first-class because it was more comfortable, besides being 'gentle-temper.' He said—and, as you know, the evidence—that he was sure by the medical testimony that the old gentleman had a heart attack, and that, though he did his best to assist him by opening the windows, loosening the old fellow's neckcloth, and holding up his head, he died in a few minutes—'And then,' added 'the Prince,' 'I thought the poor old boy couldn't want his watch or his purse again, and I knew they would be very useful to me, so I changed my pockets, and then I stuck him in the corner where the old gentleman found him. But I do hope,' continued he, looking

round with an air of injured innocence, 'well assumed that I felt inclined to applaud, I do hope no one would go to say as taking what nobody else didn't want was stealing.' Unfortunately, some rather important people could not be brought to see the matter from his point of view, and 'the Prince' did not visit his friends in the North again for some years.

"So ended my very unpleasant adventure, Charlie. I have taken many a day's journey since, but never again with such a very quiet fellow-traveler."

The Formation of an Island at the Mouth of the Lake Champlain.
[N. O. Bulletin.]

At the outer crest of the bar at Passaic there is now in process of elevation and formation a mud-lump island, which now has an area of more than thirty acres above the surface, and much of it is six or seven feet above the surface of the water. No such extensive area has ever been known to have been lifted by mud before. It is to the extent of half an acre, or even one or two acres, have occurred. The elevating force seems nearly to have exhausted itself, and the island is now nearly complete. It was formed in about thirty hours. It is the most interesting phenomenon to men of science that has occurred lately, and it is fortunate that scientific observers were on the ground and noted the whole process from its beginning. Lieut. Davis, of the Engineers, with his capable assistants, have noted every stage of the phenomenon. The elevation began about midnight, and old inundated mud lumps, and extended into ten and twelve feet water. It did not lift up the old lumps, which appeared to be too hard and deeply rooted to be moved, but like the flow of volcanic lava, or more properly like the flow of metals under tremendous pressure, the stuff mud yielded in a thick layer up the sides and over the top of the old lump. In one instance, as a proof of the powerful pressure, a sixteen-inch cottonwood stake, which was so jammed that it could not be moved by the moving mass of mud, was broken square off, and one part was carried away by the mud in a sort of glacial movement. Innumerable gas springs are spouting from the surface, and immense quantities of gas are being evolved. As yet, the surface is too soft to venture upon, and Lieut. Davis is waiting for the ground to harden before attempting to explain this new addition to our dominion.

A Kentucky Editor's Composition on the Gulf.
[Franklin Patriot.]

We have often heard of men prowling around in their sleep, and a few times during our eventful career have heard of love-sick youths rising and clasping the bed post in a tender embrace, but until the astounding intelligence that a calf had so far departed from its nature as to engage in any somnambulistic performance. The calf referred to is the property of a lady living in Franklin, who will bear us out as regards the truthfulness of the following statement: Last Wednesday morning she awoke, and yielded to the somniferous influence of heavy sleep, and was lying in the yard, a sudden notion of perambulation seemed to take possession of her dreaming faculties, and with one bound she arose like an extemporaneous speaker and ascended the steps leading to the hall. After promenadeing as she had been brought to town (Liberty). For want of a jail, the three prisoners were quartered in Bristley's Hotel, where they had remained under guard since Sunday evening. About 1 o'clock this morning a party of thirty or forty men, armed and masked, entered the hotel, overpowered the guard and got into the prison room. You can imagine the rest to their surprise, and to the great amusement of the party, that they were permitted to visit the room and view the ghastly forms of three dead men. By this sad affair four men have lost their lives, four widows have been made, and ten children mourn the loss of their fathers. Mr. Azeno Lacour, who was wounded on Saturday by the Fort party, is supposed to be dying.

The Granger's Dream.
A Granger dreamed that he died. He went straight to the spirit-world, and knocked at the gate of the New Jerusalem, and it was opened unto him.

The books were opened; he was asked, "Did you ever belong to any secret society?" He replied, "I did—to the Grangers." "Then, sir, you can't be admitted here—Depart!"

He then went to the door of the bottomless pit, where the same question was asked him by the Devil, and, on answering that he belonged to the Grangers when in the flesh, again he was told to depart. Sadly and sorrowfully he turned to take the road to Fiddler's Green, when Old Nick called out to him:

"I say, stranger, I cannot take you in here; but I will sell you two hundred barrels of brimstone, ten per cent. off for cash, and you can go off and start a little hell of your own, with no agents or middle men to absorb the profits!"

An Unusual Texas Lady.
[Galveston News.]

An old lady, well attired, and whose manner indicated some degree of refinement as well as eccentricity, was put upon the witness stand in the Recorder's court yesterday morning to testify to some abuse and "cuss words" used by a fellow of African race. But the elderly witness uttered a remark that repeated the expressions used, saying she was not used to cursing, could not be got to curse, and all the lawyers in court couldn't and wouldn't make her curse. The counsel for the defendant then suggested that some expert at cursing be introduced to whom the witness might communicate the billingsgate.

This she refused. Finally one of the lawyers got her consent to put the expression in writing. "Just you write down any kind of cussing," that will do, and I will sign it." The testimony was written down, and the attorney for the case gained his case.

An Ohio Cannibine.
[Vanceburg Kentuckian.]

On Thursday last week, Charles Hudson, a lad twelve years of age residing near Rome, Adams county, Ohio, was placed by his father to guard a certain point, where they had been "fighting against the fire" that was then raging through the adjacent country. Not having returned to his home at the expected time, search was made for the little fellow, but he was not found until the morning of the following day, when his almost dead, inanimate body was discovered, "burnt to a crisp." It is not known how he came to be overtaken by the flames. It is thought by some that Cassabianka, like his father, had been on a pleasure trip to the North to see some friends, and he solemnly declared that he got into the carriage where the old gentleman was without any business-like intentions; that he always traveled first-class because it was more comfortable, besides being 'gentle-temper.' He said—and, as you know, the evidence—that he was sure by the medical testimony that the old gentleman had a heart attack, and that, though he did his best to assist him by opening the windows, loosening the old fellow's neckcloth, and holding up his head, he died in a few minutes—'And then,' added 'the Prince,' 'I thought the poor old boy couldn't want his watch or his purse again, and I knew they would be very useful to me, so I changed my pockets, and then I stuck him in the corner where the old gentleman found him. But I do hope,' continued he, looking

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"OLD CERRO GORDO."
He Declares Himself a Candidate for the U. S. Senate, and Flings His Glove at the Feet of Mr. Beck.

[Lexington Press.]

But perhaps the most remarkable incident of the day was the conduct of Gen. Williams towards Hon. Jas. B. Beck. The defeated candidate for Governor went to Mr. Beck and told him that he (Williams) had been beaten by the influence of Mr. Beck, Judge Lindsay, and others, which Mr. Beck emphatically denied, so far as he was concerned. Gen. Williams said that he had been beaten, but that he had still some power in Kentucky, and he wished Mr. Beck to understand that he was a candidate for the United States Senate; that Mr. Beck had some weak spots, and that he would expose them to the people before the canvass was over.

Mr. Beck replied: He was glad to know that Gen. Williams had at last torn the mask from his face, and showed himself as he was. He reminded Gen. Williams that he had some weak spots, and that he (Beck) would, whenever it became necessary, expose them. He was glad that Williams was defeated for Governor, because then he could not go into the race with the State platform ready to be used in his behalf, and the two would stand upon even ground. With this curt dialogue the gentlemen separated. There is no doubt that Gen. Williams is a candidate for the U. S. Senate, and that he will use all his influence to defeat Mr. Beck. Under the assertion made in a moment of heat he modified or withdrawn.

A Texas Family Row.
[Galveston News.]

An unfortunate and fatal affair occurred at Moss Bluff, twelve miles below here, late Saturday evening. Two brothers, Fortier and Ludolph Gillard, had a difficulty with Azeno Lacour and his two sons, Joseph and Archie, in which Mr. Lacour was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded. Joseph slightly wounded, and Archie killed. The elder Fortier is also dangerously wounded, and the other slightly wounded. The Fortier party is here under arrest. The parties in this affair are all related. No information as to the cause of the difficulty.

Business Enterprise.
According to the venerable Max Adler, they have two very enthusiastic undertakers at Newcastle, Delaware. They are always on the lookout for business, and ever trying to get ahead of each other. The wife of a prominent citizen was known to be quite ill for some time, and both undertakers made up their minds to provide the funeral if she should die.

On Thursday night the husband dropped the paragon bottle on the floor, and scared the invalid so that she gave a little scream. The next instant she fell, and her body staggering up stairs, knocking the plastering off the wall with some kind of implement. It was Jones, the undertaker, bringing up one of his patent hermetically sealed coffins. He had been waiting on the front step, and hearing the scream, concluded the end had come, and rushed in all ready.

He dashed up the stairs as the husband opened the door, set the end of the coffin on the carpet, and exclaimed eagerly: "Gimme the first chance! Bury her for \$40, with silver trimmings!" Before the indignant husband had time to reply, a Presently Brown, the undertaker, appeared on the third story landing, and, heaving one of his "incorrodible burial caskets" down the stairs, he slid down the banister suddenly and screamed: "Don't do it! I'll plant her \$35, five off for cash; put a monogram on the casket and throw in a tombstone."

Brown had been watching Jones, it seems, from the room next door, and would have beaten him, but he came door-stuck. They were led away by a policeman, but before they reached the corner of the street, Jones had secured a contract for burying that policeman's mother-in-law when she died. The policeman was not particular about details. "Only let it be deep," he said, "with something solid on the top to hold her down."

George Washington's Church.
[Norfolk Virginian.]

On Sunday last, for the first time in fifty years, religious services were held in Pothick church, Fairfax county. It was built in 1773 through the active exertions and influence of George Washington. During the late war it was occupied by the Federal troops as a stable. It became more and more dilapidated, until within the past year, when some gentlemen of New York, learning of its condition, and animated by a commendable desire to preserve this old link which connects us with the past and its great men from obliteration through neglect, provided the means and had the edifice rebuilt and returned in a most substantial and handsome manner.

A Remarkable Case of Loss and Recovery of Speech.
[Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.]

One year ago this month, a young lady of this city, daughter of Policeman Christopher Lyles, suddenly, and without any apparent reason, lost her voice, and remained dumb until a week ago, when, having received a potion from a man in New York, to whom her condition had been reported, she took it one night before retiring, and it acted like a charm, for when she awoke the following morning, her long-lost voice had returned with more than its former sweetness, and so delighted is she in consequence, that she has been singing almost ever since.

The Intelligent Virginia Jury.
[Richmond Enquirer.]

A singular instance of the uncertainty of the moods of a jury was given at the Hustings court yesterday morning, James, a married man, and Annie Robinson, both colored, were tried separately before the same jury for unlawful cohabitation, and apparently irreconcilable verdicts rendered. The woman was tried first, and was fined fifty dollars and costs. The man was then arraigned, tried and acquitted, though the evidence was the same in both cases. Robinson was sent to jail in default of payment of the fine.

Good Enough to Live by, but Bad to Die in.
[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

Mr. Solomon Pruett, of Monroe county, who died recently at the age of 92, had been a Universalist during the whole of his life until a few days before his death, when he expressed a hope in Christ.

A Georgia Tragedy.
[Atlanta Herald.]

Rome, Ga., May 11.—Our community was thrown into a state of excitement by a rumor that George Johnson, a negro of Chattahoochee county, had been killed. Upon investigation, your correspondent found that Colonel Johnson, who lives at Summerville, was on his way to his plantation in Chattahoochee valley. He left home at 1 o'clock, having just finished dinner, and had ridden eight miles, when he was fired on by a party of ten or twelve men, who were hid in the woods, and killed instantly. He was accompanied by a negro boy, who was riding by his side in the buggy. When he was attacked he was about one mile and a half from any house, but a Mr. Mosteller, who was working in a field, heard the firing, and having seen Colonel Johnson ride down the road, rushed at once to the spot. He saw the horse running away with the buggy, and Colonel Johnson and the negro boy lying on their faces in the road, riddled with bullets, and dead. He saw no man standing near or running away, but he heard a dozen or so shots fired simultaneously, and is certain that several men must have fired at them. The Colonel and his servant seemed to have leaped from their buggy when they were shot, and fell dead. Mr. Mosteller gave the alarm, and, helping himself summoned, the bodies were carried back to Summerville. Gen. Wofford, of Cartersville, has been sent for to investigate the matter. Colonel Johnson has been for years a prominent citizen of Chattahoochee county. He had been engaged in some difficulties before this. He killed a Colonel Jones some years ago, but was acquitted of any wrong. He was engaged in a broil some weeks ago, in which Mr. Lawson Kirby (son of Judge Kirby) killed Lefty Akridge, and when Kirby was taken to the jail, in which Colonel Johnson was a strong friend of the Kirbys. This feud had created a disturbance in the county, which had raised up a Johnson party and an Akridge party; and it is suspected that this feud had something to do with Colonel Johnson's killing.

A Religiously Insane London Hackman.
[N. Y. Sun.]

The American revivalists, Moody and Sankey, have driven a man in London into insanity. James Chase, aged twenty-eight, a hackney carriage driver, who appeared in the dock, with ribbons attached to his cap, was charged at the Clerkenwell Police Court the other day with disorderly conduct, and causing a crowd to assemble at Islington. A policeman stated that on Monday night, April 26, he found the defendant in the midst of a large crowd, declaring about Moody and Sankey, and singing. He threw his stick about and caused a great disturbance; and finding that he would not go away, the constable took him to the police station. All the night he had been raving about religion, and

Resolutions.

We hold it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of the liberties of the citizens, that the several States shall be maintained in all their rights, dignity and equality, as the most complete and reliable administration of their own domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies. Every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to exercise a power not delegated to it in the Constitution, or to exercise a delegated power in any manner not therein prescribed, is an act of usurpation, demanding the instant and unqualified condemnation of a people jealous of their liberties. And we hold that any unconstitutional interference by the Federal Government with the local affairs of any State to any extent or under any pretense whatever should be at once condemned by all classes of every section of the Union, as all such acts tend to the destruction of our Federal system and the consolidation of all power in a centralized despotism.

BRECKINRIDGE IS DEAD!

At forty-five minutes past five o'clock yesterday afternoon, the great spirit of Kentucky's greatest son passed from earth. For a week his death had been expected every moment. He was fully aware of his critical condition. He knew that all hope of his recovery had fled the breasts of his physicians and the members of his family. Yet he was cheerful and content, perfectly resigned to the MASTER'S will. At three o'clock he began to sink rapidly. He retained his consciousness up to within half an hour of the supreme moment. He died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep on its mother's breast. His knightly soul evacuated its fortress of flesh with erect crest, as a soldier who honorably capitulates to an irresistible force, surrenders his trust, and marches out of the citadel he was compelled to abandon, but carries with him into captivity the proud consciousness that he did all of his duty before he lowered his colors. Although he had lived a grand life, yet nothing in it was comparable to the majestic grandeur of his leaving it. A hero on the fabled field, he had many a time looked sudden death in the face with unshaking eye and unblanching cheek. Yesterday evening, as trustfully as a little child, with a smile wreathing his lips, he placed his hand into that of his SAVIOUR, and passed unfalteringly and unhesitatingly into the dark waters of the River of Death. Oh! how that act of Christian faith and trust became the life it ended. God grant that we all may be enabled to follow the example of the grand Kentuckian when we shall be summoned to meet him "over there!"

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE is dead, and the heart of Kentucky is desolate!

JAMES B. MCCREARY, the gentleman fated to occupy the gubernatorial chair of Kentucky, is wise, capable, honest, sober, virtuous. When deserved, what loftier eulogy could be pronounced upon any man? When wisdom is his mentor, honesty his guide, sobriety his rule of conduct, and virtue his practice, man needs no adventitious aids to prosper him in his undertakings. He is lifted by the faultlessness of his character above the accidents or caprices of fortune. He is eased in mail impervious to the arrows of envy and the shafts of detraction. Men admire, respect, love such a character. The celestial powers keep loving watch and ward over it. And when the Democratic party united with heaven to do him honor, JOHNNY HARRIS, as well as undertake to pull Muldraugh's Hill up by the roots as to defeat him.

The Paris *True Kentuckian* naively remarks that the constant abuse of the newspapers was the cause of the "brilliant success" of General WILLIAMS at the late convention. A proud and a happy man will Old SORGHUM be the day the *Kentuckian* makes his "success" visible to the naked eye.

'Tis the dog's delight just now to caper in its innocent exuberance of spirits over the new-made garden beds.

MISTAKEN.

The Rochester *Evening Express*, certainly the liveliest and most readable paper published in York State, generally keeps pretty accurately posted on Kentucky affairs, one of its editors being a gentleman right thoroughly acquainted with our people and politics. But when it asserts that "Old Cassi CLAY has joined the Kentucky Bourbons," it shoots wide of the mark. In the convention which General CLAY attended, and where he proclaimed his adhesion to the Democratic party, Bourbonism was most effectually slaughtered.

The Democracy of Kentucky cannot truthfully be classed with those who neither forget nor learn anything.—General SORGHUM WILLIAMS made an exhaustive canvass of the State as the exponent of Bourbon ideas, basing his claims to the gubernatorial nomination almost exclusively upon his Confederate war record. He was one of the few Confederate soldiers who were not sufficiently whipped. He is not yet satisfied with the manner in which the rebellion panned out. He made ferocious inflammatory appeals to the baser passions of those who actively participated in the war on the Confederate side, as well as those who found it safer and more comfortable to contribute their sympathy to the cause of the South. He was indeed the Last of the Bourbons. The *Express* is very well aware of the result, and in the defeat of WILLIAMS it can read the epitaph of Bourbonism in Kentucky.

Kentucky Democrats are fully alive to all matters and questions that directly concern them. While they will ever be found a unit in opposition to Federal interference in the domestic concerns of the States; while they demand that the administration of national affairs shall be conducted within the bounds prescribed by the Federal constitution; their more important work is to be done right here at home. We are determined to build up our own State. We intend to make Kentucky an inviting field for the immigrant. We are indifferent about the nationality as well as the religious and political creeds of those who come among us, if they only bring with them thrift, industry, and a disposition to build up instead of destroying the prosperity of the State. We have no room or use for political adventurers from the North and East, as we have enough and to spare of that kind of weed, of native growth. Those who yet linger among the graves of the late war, employing their time in committing to memory the epitaphs, and breathing charnel smells as though they were delicious perfumes, are very few with us, and are as impotent and harmless as the ghosts of the slain. Our people no longer talk war, speak war, nor vote war. With us the past is past, and there is not an ex-Confederate in Kentucky who possesses sense enough to crawl out of the creek when he falls in, who would recall it. In our party councils ex-Confederate and ex-Federal meet on precisely the same ground, all their feelings and aspirations being identical—and all looking to the future development and prosperity of our native State. We have neither the time nor the inclination to engage in wranglings about the late war. We had only the ghost of the Bourbon element amongst us—and an exceedingly dim and ill-defined shade it was. The late State convention laid it most effectually. The defeat of WILLIAMS was its death-knell. The nomination of progressive, liberal-hearted, wise-brained MCCREARY was its coffin. Its funeral will occur on the first Monday in next August.

A YOUNG buck from a neighboring town took a Hartford girl out riding the other evening. Once fairly out of town he seized one of her hands and began squeezing it, when he was brought up with a round turn by her exclaiming: "Let go that hand, Mister! I don't want any of your Beaver Dam foolishness around me!"

TALMAGE says: "Brooklyn to-day eats scandal, drinks scandal, talks scandal, swears scandal, lies scandal, and sleeps scandal." And he might have added, moulds candle, sells candle, buys candle, lights candle, snuffs candle, and blows candle out.

MOHAMMEDANS do not admit old women to their Paradise. They think it would be very unpleasant to have a lot of skinny old angels in spectacles poking around for an opportunity to pick up bits of celestial scandal.

OLD "Cerro Gordo," in the last speech he made before the meeting of the State convention, exclaimed: "I will be the next Governor of Kentucky, just as certain as ROMEO founded Rome."

Now, that there is no longer any occasion for secrecy, won't Mr. SPENNER be kind enough to tell us what the two initials of his name really are?

RADICAL STATE CONVENTION.

The Radical State Convention assembled at Louisville last Thursday, and nominated candidates for the several State offices, except that of Superintendent of Public Instruction. About four hundred delegates were in attendance. It was the most solemn assemblage that ever met in our commercial metropolis outside of a funeral occasion. Sad eyes looked mournfully into eyes that were sadder yet, for the glad bird of hope was singing in no heart there. They saw nothing in the past to inspire them—nothing in the future to cheer them. They were as shipwrecked people cast on a barren, sandy island, far out of the track of commerce, with a leaden and sombre sky overhead, while around them as far as their aching eyes could see the black and angry waters are furiously but impotently striking at the face of the storm with their inky arms.

General JACK BUNSEY FINNELL, of Covington, smote a ghastly smile as he called the mourners to order in a sepulchral voice, and in the tones of a dying swan proposed HELF-ME-CASSUS-ON-LE SINK GOODLOE for temporary chairman. The melancholy gathering listlessly assented, and GOODLOE, after a vain attempt to dispel the apathy that "squat like a nightmare took upon a glutton's stomach," took his seat as chief mourner "in silence and in tears."

General JACK BUNSEY FINNELL then moved the appointment of the usual stock committees. They were appointed. They retired to draft the spontaneous resolutions General JACK BUNSEY F. had been carrying in his pocket for a month past. The stillness of the grave followed their withdrawal. There were tongues in that hall that were eloquent aforetime, but now they were dumb as oysters. The shadow of the Might-have-been brooded over all. It was omnipresent. It shone with dull, icy glitter in each one's eyes. It clung with a grasp of pain to each heart. It showed in the wrinkles of their cost collars. It was visible in the rumpling of their hair. Every croud seemed like the falling of a cloud on a coffin-lid. The only person present not haunted by ghostly memories of the past was a nigger named Neal, who attempted to make a speech "that had some reference to allusions," when he was summarily squelched by the chairman with the information that the committee was coming.

All the committees marched in together to the music of the "Dead March" in Saul, performed by a brass band in the gallery. The resolutions were fired off first. Then the nominations were explored. They were as follows: Governor—John M. Harlan, of Jefferson. Lt. Governor—Robert Boyd, of Laurel. Attorney General—W. C. Goodloe, of Fayette.

Auditor—R. B. Ratcliffe, of Caldwell. Treasurer—Dr. W. J. Berry, of Ohio. Register—Reuben Patrick, of Magoffin.

The selection of a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction was left to the State Central Committee.

Take it all in all, they were a pretty respectable gathering of political weepers and mourners. What they did was decorously accomplished. The brass band nearly "blowed" its brains out in vain efforts to enliven them. The ticket nominated was about the best they could have constructed. It will be buried next August beneath a Democratic majority of from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand.

THE THIRD TERM BUSINESS.

One of the resolutions of the Radical State convention falsely accuses the Democracy with originating the "third term scare." Whereupon the Cincinnati *Commercial* (Republican) is moved to explain as follows:

"The Kentucky Republican resolution about the third term is pure twaddle, and a very dull article of twaddle. 'It is not a Democratic story exclusive.' It is the judgment of the most 'staunch Republicans of our acquaintance' that Grant thinks the country 'is still dependent upon him, and that 'he must run it through a third term, 'or let it go to the dogs. His opinion 'to that effect requires correction. The 'Republicans of Kentucky have neglected to shed upon him the light that 'he needs. They have not even ventured to speak in terms of disapprobation of the third term theory.—'Therefore they have given the Democrats, who are disposed to employ the 'third term spook to knock the Republican party on the head, aid and comfort.'"

INVENTIVE genius has undertaken to fool poor trusting wives. A Chicago tailor has secured a patent for the "married man's precautionary coat-collar." It is made of some glazed substance to which a hair cannot adhere, and will bear the closest scrutiny.

THE other day a Boston corset maker starved to death. Sad fate for one who had stayed the stomachs of hundreds of other women.

A MINNESOTA TRAGEDY.

Fergus Falls, Minnesota, was recently the scene of a tragedy something out of the common run. THOS. NELSON, a young man of the village, and a Miss ANDERSON, some two years ago entered into a marriage engagement, but the wedding-day was not fixed upon. It was the old story over again: the man must win a home, or the means to establish one, before he could claim his bride. Full of hope, energetic and honest, and prospered. Then, a few weeks ago, he returned to Fergus Falls to claim Miss ANDERSON, and to install her in the home he had labored for.—He found the woman he had hoped to marry changed. He was steadfast, but her wandering fancy had settled upon another man, to whom she was reported engaged. NELSON had expected to be married at once upon his return, and the falseness of the woman stunned him. He went about dazed and sad, but said nothing to any one about his disappointment.

On the first day of the present month a grand party was held by the young people of Fergus Falls in a vacant building of which NELSON was part owner. He was present at the party, and during the evening Miss ANDERSON also arrived in company with her latest flame. She danced occasionally, and NELSON looked at her apparently without agitation, though at heart he doubtless endured all the agony strong men suffer when they yield themselves up fully to the passion which is most removed from reason. Finally Miss ANDERSON seated herself, and NELSON approached her. She gave him her hand, and he was heard to say, "Why are you here to-night; don't you know I cannot bear to see you here?" The lady rose and the two walked to another seat, when NELSON, standing before her, was again heard to say, "You know I cannot bear to see you here," and as he spoke he was seen to reach into his pocket behind him. Suddenly he drew forth a small revolver, and, placing it against the lady's breast, fired. Shrieking, Miss ANDERSON darted past him and ran down the stairway. NELSON instantly turned himself about, threw his head back, and discharged the weapon at his own heart. Without uttering a word, he sprang forward several feet and fell to the floor a corpse. When Miss ANDERSON fled she was followed by her friends, and it was discovered that the bullet intended for her heart had flattened itself upon the steel of her corset, and retained barely force enough in its passage to lodge beneath the skin. So ended the tragedy. They examined the body of the man lying upon the floor, and in his pockets found notes and a large sum of money; enough to begin housekeeping on. They found something else, carefully wrapped up and laid away among his valuables.—It was a wedding-ring for the woman who deserted him. The dancers withdrew from the hall, and there the body was prepared for burial. The next day there came to the express office a package addressed to NELSON—the package containing his wedding suit—and it arrived just in time to serve as his shroud. Neatly clad in his wedding clothes, the body was laid out, and visited by many of the citizens, who had long respected the character of the dead man; and among those who came was the woman who had been false to him, and whom he had tried to kill. Throwing herself upon the coffin, her reproaches and protestations of love were earnest and affecting, but they brought no life to the victim of her fickleness.

SOME time ago we mentioned in our local columns the fact that a young man named WESLEY CAIN, working for the Widow CASINGER, had been taken out of his bed and flogged, and ordered to leave the county. We also stated that we could not ascertain the cause of such treatment. The grand jury was luckier than we were. It has discovered that the hired man and his fair mistress were playing the game of BEECHER and ELIZABETH, and, as the neighbors are not Plymouth Church members, the flogging followed as a matter of course.

THIS is a sample of London gossip:—Miss MOODY, daughter of the American revivalist, not sharing his views, went to the play, and coming down late to breakfast next morning, was greeted by him with: "Well, child of Satan!" to which she calmly replied, "Good morning, papa."

WE blush to say it, but as long as "Old Cerro Gordo" lives we cannot say otherwise, check kills fewer men in Kentucky than in any other country on the face of the globe. Read what occurred between him and Mr. BECK, republished on our first page from the Lexington *Press*.

GRAMMATICALLY speaking, a kiss is a conjunction.

WHISKY WILL CONQUER THE BEST OF THEM.

If they keep foiling with it. It has sent an ex-Chief Justice of this State to the lunatic asylum in the past two weeks; and dragged the brilliant and whole-souled Gen. FRANK P. BLAIR of Missouri to death's door.

AN Iowa paper is putting on airs because a smart wife out of its way helped her husband raise seventy acres of wheat. We'll bet the butterbail that the way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broomstick at the poor fellow every time he sat down to rest.

A boy at Henderson put a colored egg in a hen's nest. Although an experienced old hen, she thought she laid it herself, and was so proud of the achievement that she cackled herself to death in ten minutes.

AT the Leitchfield spelling-school they have to define as well as spell the words. The other night a fancy dry-goods clerk wrestled with the word "hazardous" in this fashion: "H-a-z h-a-z-a-r-d-e-s-s, hazardous, a female hazard."

LANDAULET WILLIAMS quit because \$8,000 a year wasn't salary enough.—Yet he has seen the time when he rode fifty miles over the Oregon mountains on a flea-bitten mule to earn a ten dollar fee.

BAPTISM has its styles as well as the spring bonnet. The "nobby" thing now-a-days is to immerse in tepid water. Which may account for the prevailing lukewarmness of fashionable religion.

Is it possible that the honest gentlemen who, to the glory of God and for the elevation of their fellow-men, have engaged in the manufacture of whisky, would stoop to swindle the government?

WHEN an Evansville girl wants to button her boots, and her "feller" isn't at hand, she has to go up stairs to reach the top of her foot.

THE people of Muhlenburg county spend enough money for whisky in a year to more than pay their entire railroad indebtedness.

THE saddest thing in life is to see thoughtless people squandering their money, and know that you cannot help them do it.

THERE are two things in this world it won't do to trifle with—a woman's opinion, and the business end of a hornet.

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For Cassimeres, Tweeds, &c.

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JEANS, LINSEY, PLAID, TWILLED, AND PLAIN FANNEL, BLANKETS, BALMORAL SKIRTS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS.

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We have large and superior Wool Carding Machinery, and warrant all our work. Goods manufactured by the yard, or in exchange for wool.

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except those of saloon keepers and dealers in
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.
All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.
THE HERALD Printing company consists of
WALLACE GRUELL, Editor, JNO. P. BARRETT,
Business Manager, and JOHN L. CASE, Foreman
of Newspaper and Job Office.

Railroad Time-Table.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louis-
ville, daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and ar-
rives at
Horse Branch at 1:55 p. m.
Rosine at 2:05 "
Elm Lick at 2:15 "
Beaver Dam at 2:20 "
Hamilton at 2:30 "
McHenry at 2:44 "
Rockport at 2:58 "
Arriving at Paducah at 3:58 "
The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah
daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at
Rockport at 8:45 a. m.
McHenry at 9:58 "
Hamilton at 10:02 "
Beaver Dam at 10:10 "
Elm Lick at 10:25 "
Rosine at 10:35 "
Horse Branch at 10:45 "
Arriving at Louisville at 4:45 p. m.
Hartford is connected with the railroad at
Beaver Dam by stage line twice a day.
These trains connect with Elizabethtown at
Cecilburg; with Owensboro at Owensboro
Junction; and with Evansville, Henderson and
Nashville at Nortonville.
D. F. WYCHMAN, Superintendent.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wirt, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.
COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.
QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the fourth Monday in January, and
third Mondays in April, July and October.
COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in October and
January.
OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Bassell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.
MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December
18. John D. Miller, Justice, held March 18,
June 4, September 18, December 4.
Cool Springs District, No. 2.—S. A. Daven-
port, Justice, held March 3, June 3, Septem-
ber 2, December 16. Samuel Shull, Justice,
held March 15, June 2, September 16, Decem-
ber 2.
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. I. Rowe,
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30,
December 15. Henry Tinsley, Justice, held
March 16, June 28, September 13, December,
30.
Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, March 11, June 23, September 11, De-
cember 27. W. P. Ewell, Justice, March 23,
June 10, September 25, December 11.
Fordville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,
Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-
ber 22. S. G. Smith, Justice, March 20, June
7, September 22, December 8.
Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, Justice,
June 9, September 9, December 23. H. J.
Hunter, Justice, March 22, June 8, September
23, December 9.
Hartford District, No. 7.—Frank Cooper,
Justice, March 13, June 23, September 14, De-
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25,
June 11, September 27, December 13.
Cromwell District, No. 8.—W. C. Rogers,
Justice, March 27, June 16, September 24, De-
cember 17. R. S. Hodges, Justice, March 17,
June 29, September 17, December 31.
Hartford District, No. 9.—J. Warren Barnett,
Justice, March 12, June 14, September 15, De-
cember 28. W. T. Ricketts, Justice, March 26,
June 12, September 23, December 14.
Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—A. T.
Hicks, Justice, March 19, June 5, September 21,
December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, March
6, June 18, September 7, December 21.
Bartlett District, No. 11.—G. S. Hamilton,
Justice, March 10, June 22, September 10, De-
cember 24. James L. Miller, Justice, March
23, June 9, September 24, December 10.
POLICE COURTS.
Hartford—I. H. Luce, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Cecilburg—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

THE CROW HOUSE.
Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.
JOHN S. VAUGHT, . . . PROPRIETOR.
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and
low prices. The traveling public are respect-
fully invited to give us a share of patronage.
Every exertion made to render guests comfort-
able.
STAGE LINE.
Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a
day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morn-
ing and evening, connecting with all possen-
ger trains on the L. P. & Northwestern rail-
road. Passengers set down wherever they de-
sire.
not ly

Catherine Thomas and H. M. Stevens
are lodging in jail. Both are under in-
dictment.
Curtis Bell, of color, was convicted of
carrying concealed weapons, and sentenced
to pay a fine of \$25, and to ten days' im-
prisonment.
A great many commonwealth cases
have been continued on account of ab-
sence of witnesses.

PERSONAL.—Maj. Baker Boyd and Mr.
Fenghan, of Owensboro; Judge W. L.
Conklin and W. R. Haynes, of Leitchfield
attorneys at law, were in attendance upon
our circuit court during the past week.
P. W. Gillstrap was convicted on last
Thursday of retailing liquor without li-
cense, and fined \$50. In default of pay-
ment, he was lodged at Wise's to board
it out at two dollars a day.

A Heavy Doctel.
There are 513 cases on the docket of
our Circuit Court this term, distributed as
follows: Commonwealth cases, 104, or-
dinary suits, 173; equity suits, 236.
Ellen Austin, a colored woman of Beaver
Dam, indicted for grand larceny, was
tried and acquitted on Monday. Al-
though the stolen money and pocketbook
were found in her possession, the jury
was of the opinion that she had not sense
enough to steal them.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Will R. Haynes, edi-
tor of the Leitchfield Herald, came down
Saturday to attend our circuit court. He
remained with us until Tuesday morning.
We were glad to welcome him, and sorry
to bid him goodbye. He must come
down oftener, and stay longer, so the
young ladies say.
L. J. Lyon has moved into his new
store, opposite the Hartford House, where
he is prepared to serve his customers with
everything in his line at fair prices.
"Dandy" is a live business man, and will
give you full value for your money, every
time.

The last few days being beautiful and
bright, have caused our charming ladies
and gallant young men to begin to take
their social strolls. Last Sunday was a
fine day for the business, judging from
the number we saw in the grove opposite
the water mill.

We have heard many very able tem-
perance lectures in our day, but do not
think we ever heard anything to excel
the speech of Hon. Joe. Haycraft to the
jury yesterday in the case of the com-
monwealth vs. W. D. Wilhelm, charged
with giving liquor to a minor. It was a
fine effort indeed, and Maj. Haycraft is
fast becoming a terror to evil doers of
every kind. The jury in this case were
out but a few minutes, and returned a
verdict of conviction, assessing the fine at
the highest figure—sixty dollars.

Indictments by the Grand Jury.
The following is a list of the indict-
ments returned by the grand jury, since
our last issue:
Horse-stealing—George E. Chinn
Grand Larceny—Ellen Austin, (col).
Petit Larceny—Wm. Medkiff, (col).
Alex Wilson.
Cutting in Sudden Passion—J. K.
Oglesby.
Carrying Concealed Weapons—Crit.
Parks, (col.) Monroe Jewell, three cases;
H. M. Stevens, two cases.
Adultery and Fornication—Catherine
Casinger, Wesley Cain, Catherine Thom-
as, Dan T. Wilson, Jane Faught, and H.
M. Stevens.
Obstructing Public Road—Taylor
Ralph.
Disturbing Religious Worship—James
and Jack Carden.
Keeping Tippling House—Jas. Miller.
Keeping House of Ill-Fame—Mary J.
Cattilla.
The grand jury adjourned over from
last week until to-morrow.

The Riverside Weekly.
This is the title of a new quarto liter-
ary and temperance journal, which reaches
us from the city of Louisville. It is pub-
lished by N. F. Thompson, Esq., G. W.
S. and Tr. of the I. O. G. T., and takes
the place of the Temperance Advocate,
the publication of which has been discon-
tinued. The Weekly is one of the hand-
somest papers in the country, is edited with
industry, vigor and good judgment, and
deserves to be patronized by every family in
the commonwealth. Mrs. J. C. Morton, of
Frankfort, a lady of rare literary accom-
plishments, who is not unknown to fame
as a writer of delightful prose and verse,
is the literary editor. The initial num-
ber contains the opening chapters of a
serial story by Mrs. Morton, entitled, "The
Oaklands, or the Cost and Consequences
of Dissipation," which bids fair to be
absorbingly interesting.
We commend the Weekly to our readers
as well worthy of their patronage. It is a
much able and more interesting paper
than the trashy eastern so-called liter-
ary papers that flood our State and coun-
try, and will prove a delight and blessing
to any family that takes it. The sub-
scription price is exceedingly low for the
style and character of the journal—being
only \$2 a year—which certainly places it
within the reach of every one. We wish
it a long and prosperous life.

Mr. Larkin Nall and wife, formerly
residents of this place, but now living in
Lincoln, Illinois, are on a visit to their
relatives and friends here. Mr. Nall
looks as hale and hearty as when he left
us ten years ago. We are glad to see you
back, "Pap," and hope you will sojourn
a good while with us.
Go to Tracy & Son for the finest coffin
trimmings ever brought to this market.
A well selected stock always on hand.

THE JAMES BOYS.
**They Have Entered Kentucky, and
Are Located in Webster County.**
**Their First Work at Arson and
Murder.**
We have it from the most reliable au-
thority that the notorious Missouri bri-
gands, the James boys, have entered this
State, and are at present sojourning in
Webster county. They can be seen at
Sebree City, on the St. Louis and South-
eastern road almost any day. Indeed, a
prominent citizen of that place informed
a gentleman of Shawneetown, Ill., last
Wednesday, that he could put his hand
on the Jameses at any time, day or night.
When asked why the people did not
turn out en masse and capture them, he
replied that they were afraid to attempt
it, as the outlaws were always heavily
armed and known to be desperate men,
who would never be taken alive, and
who would make it unhealthy for any
arresting party.
Until last Thursday night Sebree City
boasted as fine a flouring mill as could be
found anywhere in the State. It was
owned by Mr. Chas. Singer, and was val-
ued at \$18,000. On the night mentioned,
the torch was applied to this mill, and it
was consumed to ashes. The citizens
of Sebree believe and assert that the
James boys are guilty of the arson. But
the burning of the mill was not the worst
of it. The down freight train from Hen-
derson, which passes Sebree City between
1 and 2 o'clock a. m., ran over the body
of a lad lying across the track near the
burnt mill. The train was stopped, and
it was discovered that the boy was dead
and cold. Although terribly mangled by
the wheels of the train, not a drop of
blood exuded from the severed and lacer-
ated veins. An examination showed that
the corpse was that of Samuel Scott, who
lived in the vicinity of Singer's mill,
and that he had been murdered and
placed upon the track. It is believed
that this murder was also accom-
plished by the James boys; that Scott
came upon them while firing the mill,
and that, acting upon the axiom "that
dead men tell no tales," they made sure
of his silence by murdering him, and then
placed the body of their victim upon the
track in front of the coming train, in
order to produce the impression that he
came to his death from being run over by
the cars. Our informant, who is a gen-
tleman of veracity, and who came up on
the passenger train Saturday, from Se-
bree City, firmly believes that the James
boys are in that neighborhood, and that
the arson and murder of Thursday and
Friday night were their work. Webster
county, and the adjacent portion of Hen-
derson county, were their old "stamping
ground" before the family removed to
Missouri, the "boys" having been born
and raised in Henderson county, and
there are hundreds of citizens of both
counties who know them well. We hope
the authorities will look into the matter
and ascertain if the desperadoes are among
us sure enough, and if they are, take
measures to promptly and effectually ex-
terminate them before they can accom-
plish any further devilment.

Since the above was put in type, we
have learned some additional particulars
about them. Ad. Young, the Deputy
Sheriff of Henderson county, recently
came out to Roberts' Station with a
posse after the Jameses. Young saw them
and he knew them well—and
didn't attempt to take them, for obvious
reasons. A few days before the burning
of Singer's mill, a constable and posse
went out from Sebree City to capture
them, it being understood that rewards
amounting \$7,000 are offered for them
in Missouri. They came in sight of them
in an open field. The Jameses sent one
of their number in speaking distance of
the posse, who warned them not to inter-
fere with them (the Jameses). "You
are armed with shotguns," said the
spokesman; "we have Henry rifles. We
don't want to hurt you; we can and will
kill the last one of you before you could
get close enough to use your guns, for we
don't propose to be taken. Now, you go
back and let us alone, and we will not in-
terfere with you." And the constable
and his men, thinking discretion the bet-
ter part of valor, did return to Sebree
City without effecting the capture, having
taken the outlaws at their word.

Dr. W. J. Berry.
The Republican State Convention last
Thursday, put Dr. W. J. Berry, of this
place, on their ticket for State Treasurer.
The Doctor will add considerable strength
to the ticket, and will get a good vote in
all this section of the State. He has
been in politics more or less all his life,
and has never yet been beaten. "Dick"
Tate had better look out, for no man
alive can beat Dr. Berry electioneering.
He is now State Senator from this dis-
trict, elected as a Republican, and the
district had at the time of his election a
Democratic majority of at least 800 votes.
The Doctor has not been as proscriptive
as some politicians of his party, and has
voted for his special friends frequently,
regardless of politics.

A little fracas occurred in the jail the
other evening between three prisoners
named respectively, Chinn, Allen and
Hines. It seems that Allen had been
trying to pick a quarrel with Chinn and
Hines, but they bore it all until he be-
gan to insult them, when they mounted
his carcass, and gave him "a dressing
down," bruising his head a little, but
nothing serious resulted.
Solomon Likens was up before his
honor, I. H. Luce, last Friday, charged
with breach of the peace, and was fined
\$5 and lodged in jail. He afterwards re-
plied and was released.

BEAVER DAM ITEMS.
BEAVER DAM, KY., May 18.
We have had a fair trade for the week
past, from persons passing through to
and from Circuit Court. Those from a
distance had heard how cheap we sell
goods, and could not resist the temptation
to purchase.
A FISHING PARTY.
A party of gentlemen arrived from
Louisville here last week, and took hack-
some point on Green River, to enjoy
themselves for a short time fishing.
They were fully prepared for camp life,
and were anticipating a gay time.
AN ERRONEOUS REPORT.
A rumor has gone forth that the citi-
zens of this place have established a Sun-
day School for the colored population.
This is altogether a mistake, and I trust
those who have been so informed will
notice the correction. It is true that in
a lonely little hut about two miles from
here, and near the Taylor Coal Mines, a
Sunday School is being taught, the
teachers being composed entirely of white
men and women, but only one of the
number resides at this place, and he being a
government officer, I suppose there is
nothing wrong in it. We find upon en-
quiry that the house is situated in a
pleasant place for the business, there be-
ing plenty of shade, and a current of air
always passing to carry the scent off, and,
besides, it is remote from the noise and
bustle of the busy world. It was once
the home of the distinguished colored
gentleman, Hon. Armistead Perry, who,
bearing weary of country life, disposed
of his property and located in the heart
of Beaver Dam. It was afterwards the

habitation of a very aristocratic gentle-
man of the darker hue, but some matri-
monial infelicities invaded his hitherto
happy home, causing his better-half to
seek a more congenial soul. What be-
came of the husband I know not, but he
doubtless wandered to some foreign land,
like others before him have done, and
passed away with no friendly hand to
smooth his dying pillow, and leaving no
name to be engraved upon his tombstone.
We enquired of one of the scholars the
other day how the school was progress-
ing. "Oh, sir," said he, "we are learnin'
lots, for them thar white folks are so
mighty good to us, that we just can't
help but learn; they just have a whole
heap of prayin'; and they pint out to us
what to read, and I jist tell you they air
so kind and good to us, that we all love
'em mighty well, you bet." They all
seem to be anxious to learn, and we are
glad they are prospering so well; but the
citizens of Beaver Dam want it known
that they take no stock in it. All white
people wish them well, but like to see
teachers and scholars of the same color,
which is also the wish of many colored
people. Some do not attend, nor permit
their children to.

OVER AT CROMWELL.
Having a few hours leisure on Satur-
day, the "old gent" and I visited the
charming little town of Cromwell. The
merchants complained of a heavy day's
work on Saturday, but thought they
would be all right by Monday. We met
several of the farmers in town, who in-
formed us that a large quantity of toba-
cco plants of fair size were on hand, and
would soon be ready to set out. Wheat
there, and all along the road, looked well.
We trust they will have a general good
crop. The ride gave us a ravenous ap-
petite, so we called on the gentlemanly
clerk—Mr. J. W. Cooper—of the Tifford
House, for dinner, which he furnished us
in abundance. They know how to feed
the hungry. We were highly entertained
for a few hours by the belle of the town,
Miss Emma W., who favored us with
some of the sweetest music that we ever
listened to. We also met the accom-
plished Miss Jennie T., of Caneyville,
looking as gay as ever.

A JOB THE STORM GAVE 'EM.
Quite a number of our farmers have
been busy for a week rebuilding the
fences blown down by the wind on last
Saturday week, which was more dam-
aging than was at first supposed.
THE COLDEST DAY.
Some think last Saturday was the
coldest fifteenth of May we have had for
several years.
Juno.

FROM CANEYVILLE.
CANEYVILLE, KY., May 17.
The farmers of this vicinity are at last
done planting corn, and a great deal of
the young corn is peeping forth and looks
well, considering the many cold days and
nights it has had to battle with.
LEFT DISCONSOLATE.
The beautiful and accomplished Miss
Calista Bruner, of Spring Lick, spent a
few days in town last week, visiting
friends. But now that she has returned
home with the good wishes of her many
friends, Jap. and Henry are again left
seemingly alone in the world.
PREPARING FOR THE SACRIFICE.
W. J. Wilson, an old bachelor of this
place, purchased a house and lot in South
Caneyville a few days ago, and your cor-
respondent is patiently awaiting for the
day to come when he will eat some cake
and have the pleasure of recording a
wedding.
CANDIDATES.
Are becoming numerous in this section.
Already Grayson county has four aspirants
for the Legislature, and another one is
spoken of.
THE GRAYSON CO. TEMPERANCE CONVENTION
met at this place on Saturday, the 8th
inst, but, greatly to the disappointment
of all, G. W. Bain was not present to ad-
dress the people as per appointment. It
was illness that caused his non-appear-
ance. A good series of resolutions were
adopted, and an excellent dinner was
spread, and, in fact, the whole affair was
a pleasant one. H. C. Butler was elected
President, and J. T. Neal was elected
Secretary of the county for one year.
The convention adjourned to meet at
Leitchfield on the first Saturday in Octo-
ber next.

AN INSTINCT OF THE CRITTER.
Never were we so sensibly struck with
the fact that newspaper reporters were
such a heartless and unfeeling class of
people, until we witnessed a mule run-
ning away with a man on his back a few
days since, and using every exertion to
free himself of his burden, when lo! we
were struck with the happy hope that
that mule would throw him, and thereby
furnish us an item of some importance
for the Herald, but our hopes were cut
short by him sticking to the animal and
coming out all safe. Such is life.
Yours, J. T. N.

WALKER & HUBBARD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.
L. F. WOERNER,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.
Repairing neatly and promptly done.

James Fitzhugh, for shooting with in-
tent to kill, was fined \$50 last Friday.
He was very ably defended by Hon. H.
D. McHenry.

David Kaykendall was fined ten dollars
for sheep killing. The fine was paid.
We hope Davy will be a better boy after
this, and never kill any more sheep.

Returned.
Dr. H. Baldwin, Dentist, returned
yesterday, and will be at the Crow House
for a few days; call and have your teeth
fixed up right. The Doctor's work is not
surpassed by any dentist in the State.

The case of the commonwealth against
Sampon Duke, charged with wounding,
maiming, and killing hogs belonging to
Mrs. Sullenger, was tried on Wednesday,
and he was fined \$25, which he paid. A
similar case against him was continued.


Amos Gan, of color, charged with
stealing a pair of boots, was tried on
Thursday last and acquitted. He was
tried for the same offense last court and
found guilty, but his attorneys picked a
flaw in the indictment, and he got a new
trial, with the above result.

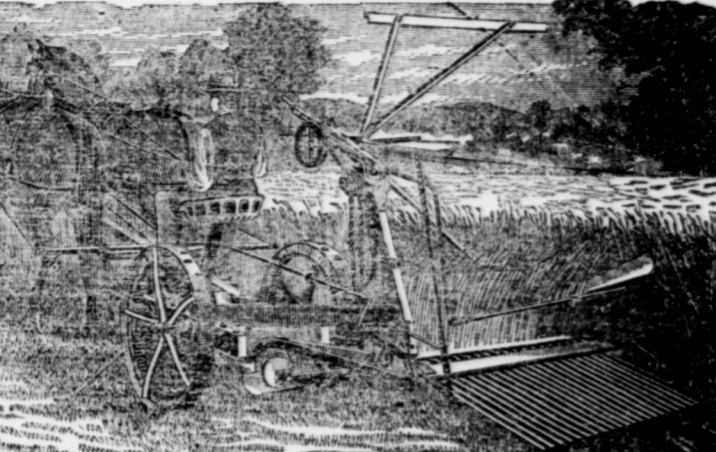
Brad. Crow was tried on Wednesday
last, before the Circuit Court, and con-
victed of assault with intent to shoot. He
was fined ten dollars, and failing to pay
or replevy, committed to jail to pay it
in imprisonment at two dollars per day.

T. R. Rowe was indicted at the last
term of the Circuit Court, for failing to
keep a road in order. His case came up
for trial last Thursday. He answered,
and plead his own defense, and made a
very clever argument, but the Judge
couldn't see it, and fined him \$10. Tom
said he was not able to employ a lawyer,
and would not do it if he was able. He
believed in every man doing all his own
work.


A Card From Mr. Case.
Mr. John L. Case has withdrawn from
THE HERALD Publishing Company, and
gone to Havesville to take a position in
the office of the Plaindealer, at that place.
Mr. Case is a sober, Christian gentleman,
a good printer, and bears with him our
best wishes for his future prosperity. He
bids farewell to Hartford in the following
card:
Although I have not had any connec-
tion with the editorial department of THE
HERALD, I cannot refrain from returning
to the kind and social citizens of Hart-
ford and vicinity my heart-warm thanks
for the hospitable treatment that I have
received at your hands during my short
sojourn in your midst. Though we never
hope to live in Hartford again, the people
we have known here will long be remem-
bered, and days spent with them will
ever be a bright spot on memory's tablet.
Respectfully, JOHN L. CASE.

Stratton, the Horse Thief.
H. F. Stratton was brought before
the Circuit Court last Saturday, charged
with horse-stealing, and, pleading guilty,
was sentenced to three years in the peni-
tentiary. He will be remembered by our
readers as the man who stole Dr. Glenn's
horses, of which we gave an account at
the time of his arrest. In this connection
we take pleasure in correcting a state-
ment we then gave regarding his capture.
H. H. Glenn, A. S. Allgood, and H.
M. Austin pursued and came upon the
prisoner near Hartford, and captured the
horses but let Stratton escape. From
what we heard of it at the time, we re-
flected on the courage and judgment of
these men, but we are now satisfied, from
hearing all the facts, that they did all
under the circumstances that could have
been done by any set of men. Their
horses were unmanageable by reason of
the firing of the pistols, young Glenn's
horse was shot and wounded, and Strat-
ton jumped off and ran into a thicket,
and soon was out of sight. But they
scoured the woods for some time before
taking the horses captured to Mr. Tay-
lor's. We think great credit is due H.
M. Austin for services in hunting down
and ferreting out horse-thieves. He has
done more in this line than any other
man in the Green River country.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

OUR PEBBLE SPECTACLES
And Eye Glasses are the best for failing sight. Cut and polished from the "Real Stone," they are perfectly transparent (will cut glass like a diamond) B-bug harder than the glass, they receive a finer polish and always retain it. One pair carefully suited to your eyes will last as long as five pairs of the best glass, besides preserving the sight almost unimpaired all that time. By our new system for testing the sight, we are enabled to suit any eye so accurately that no injurious effects will follow. We repair Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and insert Pebbles or the best Glass Lenses in all frames. Our Bi-Focal Spectacles are for old people who require spectacles to see far off as well as near by only one pair being required. To persons who cannot call on us we send our new Illustrated Price List which shows how to order.
C. P. BARNES & BROS., Opticians.
Main st., be. Sixth and Seventh (Louisville Hotel Block), Louisville, Ky.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE ADVANCE!
This machine stands in merit far ahead of all competitors. In fact there is no machine fit to be called its competitor. We have improved this machine very much during the past year, preserving however, the many points of excellence which have made it so a verily popular in the past. We have replaced the Double Wooden Frame by a single one, substituting for the Auxiliary Frame an iron drag bar, thus making the machine much lighter and handsover, without lessening its strength and durability, and at the same time retaining all the advantages of the Double Frame. We have also improved the Raking apparatus, and we have now the best Rake we have ever made, which is equivalent to saying that we have the best in the world.

A Farmer Buying the "Advance"
saves money by doing it, for the following reasons:
1st. Because, being a strong and durable machine, it will outlast at least two of any other make, and with less cost for repairs during the same period.
2nd. Because, by its efficient work, it will have saved during its use hundreds of bushels of grain that would have been lost with any other Reaper.
3rd. Because, being always reliable and doing its work under all circumstances, it will have saved his own and his binder's time, to say nothing of the saving of annoyance and trouble. The best is always the cheapest.
BARNES & TAYLOR, Agents for Ohio Co.
BEAVER DAM, KY.
may 5 July 15

J. F. COLLINS.
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, COFFEYNERIES,
&c., &c.
COUNTRY PRODUCE
Bought at
The Highest Market Price.
Remember the place, west side public square
opposite the court house, Hartford, Ky.,
not ly.

JOHN P. TRACY & SON.
UNDERTAKERS.
HARTFORD, KY.
Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of
wooden coffins, from the finest rose wood casket
to the cheapest pine or oak. All kinds of coffin
trimmings constantly on hand and for sale.
Keep a fine horse always ready to attend
funerals.
Wagons and Buggies,
constantly on hand or made to order. Partic-
ular attention given to plow stock.
not ly

E. SMALL
at the
TRADE PALACE,
HARTFORD, KY.
Has just received a large and well selected
stock of
DRY GOODS,
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
Mens' and boys'
CLOTHING.
Ladies' and gents'
HATS,
BOOTS & SHOES
of all grades and sizes.
NOTIONS.
Special bargains in
White Goods,
EDGINGS, INSERTINGS, &c.
A choice lot of Ribbons at a big discount.
With many thanks for past patronage, I
hope, by fair dealing, to merit a continuance of
the same.
E. SMALL.
JAS. A. THOMAS, GRS. A. PLATT.
JAS. A. THOMAS & CO.
HARTFORD, KY.
Dealers in staple and fancy
DRY GOODS,
Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment
of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will
be sold at the very lowest cash price.
not ly.

For Sale.
A house and lot in Beaver Dam, containing
one acre, paved in a comfortable house with
four rooms, a good stable with five stalls and
corn-crib a good young orchard of peach,
apple and cherry trees, in all about seventy-
five trees, selected fruit. The place has a well
of never failing water. I will sell on reason-
able terms.
Mrs. E. L. BARCLAY.
B. P. BERRYMAN,
Fashionable Tailor,
HARTFORD, KY.
Coats, Pants and Vests cut, made and re-
paired in the best style at the lowest prices.
not ly
WM. GRAVES, WM. T. COX,
House Carpenters.
We respectfully announce to the citizens of
Hartford and Ohio county, that we are pre-
pared to do House Carpentering, Furniture Re-
pairing, and any kind of Wood-work, on short
notice at reasonable terms. Shop in Maury's
old stand.
not ly
GRAVES & COX.
HENRY D. MCKENRY, SAM. E. HILL.
MCKENRY & HILL.
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.
Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals in Kentucky.
not ly.



AGRICULTURAL.

Encourage Manufacturers.

It is only in the school of experience that the masses of the people come to a realization of facts as they exist. There are but few who learn, except in this comparatively dear school. Farmers, from the nature of their occupation, will, as a rule, admit of no guide except this. Aggregate fact, bearing upon their business, constitute the basis upon which they build. With them all utilized labor is money. There is no lack upon their part of introducing improved machinery for this purpose. By its introduction, the farmer is enabled to triple his capability of production. This would all be well enough, and his prospects would be assured, if the consumption of his products could be proportionally increased. There are other things for farmers to consider, as well as the best methods of increasing the productive capacity of their lands.

In this latitude, corn is king, and the hog is no second rate power in the realm. But what would this enormous crop of either amount to, if the wants of the consumers of them were in the inverse ratio to their portion? There must be consumers as well as producers, and as the producer has the cost of transportation to pay—that is, it is invariably deducted from the price awarded in the leading markets of the world, does not the consideration of the question of transportation become one of the vital importance to the producer? What, then, is the proper course to pursue. Shall we continue to pay the cost of transportation, or shall we bring the consumer to the corn? Common sense says, encourage immigration. It says, create a market at home. It says, develop the mineral resources of your respective States. It says, utilize the products of the forest and mine by manufacturing them. It says, avoid transportation as much as possible, and bring the consumer and producer into closer proximity.

The farmer is more interested in the development of manufactures than the professional man possibly can be. The encouragement of local manufacturing enterprise is the height of wisdom, and the increased attention which the members of the farmers' organization are giving to the subject, argues well for the future. There is not a town throughout any of the corn producing States that should not contain one or more factories devoted to some special industry for which the location is peculiarly situated. There is no reason why the wooden mills, foundries, tanneries, plow and wagon factories, boot and shoe factories, fruit drying and canning establishments and agricultural implement factories, should nearly all be concentrated in the large cities. The farming community, in order to be prosperous, must have a good local market. The paying of freight on what they sell and what they buy, with one or two commissions added thereto, makes it lively for everybody but themselves. Such a policy is a suicidal one, and the sooner a contrary course is adopted the better it will be for the farmer. Therefore, we say, as soon as the work of organization is formally completed, set about devising ways and means for establishing local manufacturing industries. Where there is a will there is a way, and if unity of action and harmonious counsel prevail the humblest beginning that you may make will, in a few years, be productive of great results. If assured of the hearty cooperation and patronage of the farming community, manufacturers can be induced to invest capital and establish manufacturing plants of various kinds, where, under such circumstances as previously existed in the farming community, from lack of organization, it would have been impossible. Therefore, we say, to food-producers, it will pay you to offer in your organized or individual capacity, the use of your surplus cash capital to the manufacturers at a comparatively low rate of interest, to enable him to bring his employees to your very door, and thus create a demand, not only for your staple crops, your corn and hogs, but for your perishable horticultural products and vegetables as well. Therefore, we say most emphatically, begin at once to adopt the principle of bringing the consumer to the corn.

Leaping Without Looking.

Some of the agricultural and "secular" papers make their columns lively with advice to all good husbandmen to engage in various enterprises "with millions in them," and thousands of farmers, one after another, a perennial crop, are acting on the suggestions. The strawberry speculation is perhaps widest spread, and stacks of plants are set each year without ever bearing fruit enough to pay for what they cost. Fancy poultry is tempting, and high priced eggs are bought, and may be a few chickens are hatched, but in the end it is discovered that no hen will lay two eggs a day. The bees are recommended, especially for women, and a good deal of studying is done. But the honey is not abundant, and year after year the complaint is made that "this is the worst season for bees we ever had." Some undertake to raise mushrooms without knowing a mushroom when they see it; others, reading that ducks are sent to the London market by the ton, get eggs and go to hatching, while others still, plant grapes by the acre, or dwarf peas by the thousand, and in most cases the conclusion reached is, that corn is a good crop, that potatoes always sell, and that nothing is much better than

a few three-year-old steers to turn off in the spring, unless it be the value of the same in wool. The continued disappointments are due almost wholly to a want of knowledge in regard to details, and to acquire this is to acquire what may be called a trade. Nothing would seem more simple than to raise strawberries, and the majority fail, generally for want of well prepared ground and the necessary cultivation, and it is probably true that it will take a man five or six years before he can find out what is the matter. And so it is in all other pursuits and enterprises. It would be "splendid," as the girls say, if one could be born with hereditary experience, so as to take up the thread where the old folks left off, and many an aged man and broken man knows that if he could have had this inheritance, with all the checks and safeguards that it brings, he would now be rich and happy, instead of poor and acquainted with grief. The next best thing, in the absence of such hereditary gift, is to feel our way and look before leaping.

A Pot that Resists the Colorado Beetle.

A. Jackson, of Frederick county, Md., communicates the following interesting facts to the Baltimore American Farmer, which he says can be attested by the sworn testimony of two of his laborers: About five years ago he received from New Jersey a peculiar kind of red potato, under the name of Siberian Red. It proved to be a very prolific bearer, and of a monstrous size, very mealy and wholesome for the table, though some purple streaks would occasionally run through the tubers. Last summer he planted them in hills four feet apart, between young grape vines which stood eight feet by eight feet, and raised on one acre a little better than one hundred bushels of magnificent potatoes. He fertilized the hills by mixing lime with ten per cent. of salt, and mixing old cow manure with about ten per cent. of said lime and salt compound. He used a good shovelful of it in every hill, and embodied it with the ground (clay soil) by digging. The result he says, was astonishing. When the potato bugs (which had then appeared in myriads) had eaten of a vine, presently two or more vines would shoot up, keeping on growing until the November frosts killed them. Most curious of all, they bore here and there small potatoes (not seed balls) on the vines. One remarkable hill yielded forty-five average-sized potatoes. All his other kind, Early Rose, Peachblow, Early Goodrich, though treated in the same manner, were an utter failure.

For the Hartford Herald.

"HARD TIMES."

The American people are to-day in a condition, and that condition is anything but enviable. They are, in a financial sense, sick—and very sick—and unless they get relief, and that soon, many of us must at no distant day go "where the woodbine twineeth," and be numbered among the failures of the nineteenth century, and it will at last be said of us that we were thrifless, and anything but benefactors to our race.

The questions naturally arise in the mind of every reflecting man, What is the remedy? And where is the balm to be found which will heal all of our financial ills? We do not want a palliative merely, but a permanent, substantial remedy; one which can be relied on as well in adversity as in prosperity.

It is the opinion of your humble dolt that the trouble lies in a great measure at our own doors individually, and, if we ever get our heads above water again, there must be in individual as well as a general effort.

The reformation must begin at home, right around our own firesides, in teaching our own children good, sound, moral, useful lessons in all things which would be useful to them in after life, and better fit them to fight the hard battles of the future, and in setting our own houses to rights generally; improve the culinary department, and thereby we will make our sanitary condition better; and then thoroughly renovate our farms, from every panel and fence corner throughout its entire length and breadth exterminating every useless briar and shrub, and setting every foot not otherwise used in grass or clover, according to its adaptation. To enable us all to accomplish these very desirable ends, it will be necessary for a large majority of us to use the following once a day, to be taken on retiring to bed at night: Equal parts of yeast powders, which will make us rise early; an equal portion of capsicum, which will stimulate us to action; the same amount of "locomotion solution," well shaken, and with equal portions of industry, energy, economy, faithfulness, sobriety, virtue, honesty, truth, temperance, and last but not least, a double portion of common sense, the great lever which is indispensable at all times to put the machinery in motion, and run it without friction and too great waste of grease.

Now, brethren, Patrons and all, let us strive with all our might, to get up and bring about a general reformation in agriculture and education in the Green River country, for as little as is said on the subject, a good common school education is almost indispensable to success in almost any avocation, (pardon the digression). Let us see if we can make the farm pay. Quit our lazy, slovenly manner of half-doing things—for that which is worth doing at all is worth doing well—go to work and develop our vast mineral as well as agricultural resources, and thereby we will become exporters to a greater amount than we are now importers. It is a lamentable fact, that after we send all of the barter we have to spare to Europe, it falls short one hundred and fifty millions of dollars of balancing our import account, and this amount must be paid in gold, or

English exchange, its equivalent. Everybody wants everything from Europe, and it all has to be paid for in gold, except the little raw material which we have left over after our home demands are supplied, which is a small portion of cotton, wheat and tobacco, hence the high premium on gold. Can't these evils be remedied? We answer emphatically, they can; and they must be before we are a prosperous people. These things cannot be accomplished in a day, by a spasmodic effort, with a leap in the dark, but we must open our eyes, inform ourselves as to the situation and surroundings, and then act like sane men, with a firm and steady resolve that God being our helper we will do better for ourselves and children.

Another evil at this time, is the tendency of running to extremes and denouncing all of our old systems and advocating nothing unless it is new. Space will only allow me to drop some reflections on one of these at this time, and simply give my views of the subject, and ask that some one who may join issue with me show up the other side of the question. And this is what is known as the conventional interest law. Now, I cannot see how a law can injure any one that is mutual and inoperative, pro or con, unless it is so agreed and reduced to writing. It differs from other contracts, in this, that it may be in writing, while the courts will enforce ninety per cent. of all other contracts, though they may be verbal. Every citizen of this proud commonwealth should be allowed to pay for the use of any and all commodities, money included, whatever it is worth to him. You have your money just as I have my horse, house or farm. Money is like all other articles of commerce, governed by the law of supply and demand. There have been periods in the past twelve years here that it could not be loaned at any price, but at this time the supply is so meager that it cannot even be had at McIl's ruinous conventional rates, and men are actually offering more than 10 per cent., and in the next breath, cry out against the law, and say it must be repealed. Borrowers paid more interest under the old law than they do under the present, for under that law whenever money became scarce it varied from 10 to 13 per cent., and it was paid in advance, and a note was taken drawing twelve months for the principal. At the end of that time the lender would come and remind him that he was to pay 10 per cent. on that last money, and he must pay him another year's interest, and he would take a new note for another year. So it was compounded every year. Under the present system I give my note, bearing 10 per cent. There is no dodging to do, and as it is secure, my creditor being full handed, gives me the note I need at simple interest. If I choose to pay any reasonable per cent. for money rather than have my property sold for one-half, or as is often the case, one-fourth of its real value, I ought in candor, without a doubt, be allowed to do so under the sanction of the law. Low rates of interest have a tendency to demoralize the money market, drive conscientious men out of the field, which diminishes the competition, and offer a premium to note-shavers, money sharks and sharpers to fleece the people at their will. They also favor banking monopolies, whose terms of loaning money does not suit a farmer or anybody else, their rates being from one to two per cent. a month, and thirty days is the extreme limit of time. At the end of that time you must pay up or go to protest, or in some extreme cases, if your paper is gilt-edged, they will, by your giving a new note, give what they call an extension for ninety days more at these rates, and these are the best any bank gives, and you would at the end of the year have paid from 20 to 30 per cent., it being compounded every ninety days; nor will they take any collateral as any individual money lender will do.

And last, but not least, these banks are all Federal corporations, created by the powers that be at Washington to oppress the masses and to make the poor few—who, in the great grab game which has been going on for some time in the capital, have by their grants and privileges are derived from the Federal government, and are out of the reach of State legislation. These institutions, in the absence of any competition, would certainly become grinding monopolies of the worst character, when we remember that nine dollars out of every ten borrowed in the State must come from these shavering shops.

If you choose to give these hastily conceived and prematurely born ink-brains a place in your paper, THE HARTFORD HERALD, do so. If not, bury them in the editor's waste-basket without the sound of a trumpet or the toll of a bell. More anon.

A SUBSCRIBER,
CROMWELL, May, 1875.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To CLEAN KID GLOVES.—A good way to take black kid gloves is to take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink in it, and rub it over the gloves with the tip of a feather; then let them dry in the sun.

To PREVENT THE RUSTING.—Rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tinware may be used in water constantly, and remain bright and free from rust indefinitely.

LIGHT RYE TEA CAKES.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of brown sugar and a large pinch of salt. Add enough rye flour to make it as stiff as common griddle cake batter. Bake half an hour in "grease" pans. Serve hot or cold as desired.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Did you, reader, ever eat any? We like it. Boil

two chickens till tender; take out all the bones and chop the meat fine; season to taste with salt, pepper and butter; pour in enough liquor they are boiled in to make moist. Mold it in any shape you choose, and, when cold, turn out and cut into slices. It is an excellent travelling lunch.

A BROOM HOLDER.—A good broom holder may be had by laying the broom down with the brush flat, and boring a hole through the top of the handle with a three-eighths bit. It will not cost a cent, and the broom can hang on any common nail.

To CLEAN CANE CHAIR-BOTTOMS.—Turn the chair bottom upward, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty, use soap; let it dry in the air, and it will be as tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken. —*Western Rural.*

CHEAP MOUSE TRAP.—Take the bowl of a clean, clay pipe and fill it with cheese; put it under the edge of a glass tumbler in such a manner that a slight touch will cause the tumbler to slip off—the bait and mouse of course, underneath. This arrangement will catch more mice than any trap I ever saw, at the cost of one cent. —*Rural New Yorker.*

To BREAK GLASS AT WILL.—An easy method of breaking glass to any required form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron about the same size, red hot in the fire, and apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass, in any direction you please; a crack will be made in the glass and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened to the glass.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES.—Gather and handle the fruit carefully, taking them in the early part of the season, as they are the finest and most perfect berries. Stem, weigh, and place on dishes. To one pound of fruit allow one and a half pound of the best white sugar; sprinkle over them half or more of the sugar, and let stand some hours, or over night if gathered late. Put on fire in close bell-mettle or porcelain kettle, with remainder of sugar. Boil and skim about twenty minutes, or until syrup thickens, and first looks transparent, using, during the process, a "silver" spoon, and avoid mashing. Seal up immediately in air-tight cans; if glass, wrap in paper to exclude the light. —*N. Y. Observer.*

WM. F. GREGORY,
(County Judge.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

E. F. STROTHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all the courts of Ohio counties and the circuit courts of adjoining counties. OFFICE up stairs over J. W. Lewis old stand. no ff

JOHN O'FLAHERTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

Collections Promptly Attended to
Office on Market street, over Maury's tin shop. Jan 20 ly

JESSE E. FOGLE, W. S. SWEENEY,
Hartford, Ky. Owensboro, Ky.

FOGLE & SWEENEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice their profession in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Market street, near courthouse.

F. P. MORGAN, G. C. WEDDING,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

(Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Nall's store.)
Will practice in inferior and superior courts of this commonwealth.
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.
F. P. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions and affidavits—will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.

HENRY D. MCHEENEY, SAM. E. HILL,
ATTORNEYS COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. no 1y.

E. D. WALKER, E. C. HUBBARD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY. no 1a

JOHN C. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly County Judge),
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in all the courts of Ohio county and the circuit courts of the 5th judicial district. Bu iness solicited and prompt attention guaranteed.

GEO. KLEIN,

JNO. M. KLEIN

GEO. KLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD, KY.,



Dealers in house-furnishing good, for general kitchen and table use. We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated

ARIZONA COOKING STOVE,

Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

1875 AGAIN! 1875

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY

COURIER-JOURNAL

Continues for the present year its liberal arrangement, whereby, on the 31st of December, 1875, it will distribute impartially among its subscribers

\$10,000

in presents, comprising greenbacks and nearly one thousand useful and beautiful articles. The Courier-Journal is a long-established live, wide-awake, progressive, newsy, bright and spicy paper.

No other paper offers such inducements to subscribers and club agents. Circulars with full particulars and specimen copies sent free on application. Terms, \$2.00 a year and liberal offers to clubs. Daily edition \$12. Postage prepaid on all papers without extra charge. Address President Courier-Journal Company Louisville, Ky.



J. F. YAGER,

Sole and Livery Stable,

HARTFORD, KY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Hartford and vicinity that I am prepared to furnish Saddle and Harness Stock, Buggies and conveyances of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. Horses taken to feed or board by the day, week or month. A liberal share of patronage solicited. no 1y

Plow Stocking

AND

GENERAL WOODWORK.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Ohio county, that they are now prepared to do all kinds of WOODWORK

at their new shop in Hartford. They have secured the services of a competent workman to

STOCK PLOWS, and they guarantee satisfaction, both as to work and prices, in all cases. They will make

WAGONS AND BUGGIES, and will make and furnish COFFINS AND BURIAL CASES at the lowest possible prices. Call and see us before engaging your work elsewhere.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED, and satisfaction guaranteed. By close application to business we hope to merit the support of our friends. MAUZY & HUNT, Jan. 26, 1875. Jan 26 ly

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

—OF—

LIVERPOOL.

Security and Indemnity.

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 GOLD.

CASH ASSETS, OVER \$12,000,000 GOLD.

CASH ASSETS IN U. S., \$1,837,934 GOLD.

Losses paid without discount, refer to 12th condition of Company's policy.

BARBEE & CASTLEMAN, General Agents, Louisville, Kentucky.

BARRETT & BRO., Agents, HARTFORD, KY.

L. J. LYON,

Dealer in

Groceries and Confectioneries.

HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheep pel., eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc. no 1y

NOTICE.

Wanted to borrow \$3,000 for two or three years, for which ten per cent. interest will be paid—payable semi-annually—note to be due if interest is not promptly paid, and will secure the lender by a mortgage on real estate; and as an additional security will give him to hold as collateral real estate lien notes worth at least \$6,000. Address "MONEY," care HERALD office, Hartford, Ky.

HERALD office, Hartford, Ky.

New Store at Rockport, Ky.

of Cromwell, have opened a new store at Rockport, Ky., where they propose to keep a full assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Notions, Fancy Goods, and in fact every thing usually kept in a general store. They have bought this stock of goods very low for cash and will sell the same way.

of all kinds taken in exchange for goods. We solicit the patronage of the people and will guarantee them as good bargains as they can get anywhere. April 3m

MEDEL & KAHN.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 12, I. O. G. T.

Meets regularly every Thursday evening in Taylor's Hall. Transient members of the order are cordially invited to attend. JOHN P. BARRETT, W. C. T. WALLACE GRUELL, W. Secy.

L. F. WOERNER,

BOOT & SHOEMAKER.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMP-

ION OF AMERICAN ART TASTE

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—EIGHTH YEAR.

THE ALDINE

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION WON-

DERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which have so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an able and most able artist to the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

The Aldine while true to the artistic and literary character of the temporary or timely interests characteristic of ordinary periodicals, it is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures, the rarest collection of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of The Aldine will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, The Aldine is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possession of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes, for ten times its cost; and then, there is the chronic, hereditary, and

The national feature of The Aldine must be taken in no narrow sense. True art is cosmopolitan. While The Aldine is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself to the production of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate on grounds of intrinsic merit. Thus, while pleading before the patrons of The Aldine, as a leading characteristic, the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign masters, giving subscribers all the pleasure and instruction obtainable from home or foreign sources.

The artistic illustration of American scenery, original with The Aldine is an important feature, and its magnificent plates are of a size more appropriate to the satisfactory treatment of details than can be afforded by any inferior page. The judicious interspersal of landscapes, marine, figure and animal subjects, sustain an unabated interest, impossible where the scope of the work confines the artist to a single style of subject. The literature of The Aldine is a light and graceful accompaniment, worthy of the artistic features, with only such technical disquisitions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

PREMIUM FOR 1875.

Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in oil colors, of the same subject as the dog whose picture in a former issue attracted so much attention.

"Man's Unselfish Friend"

will be welcome to every home. Everybody loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to the life, that it seems the veritable picture of the dog who has been so long and so well known to the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage tells that his own Newfoundland dog (the finest in Brooklyn) barks at it. Although so natural, no one who sees this premium chromo will have the slightest fear of being bitten.

Besides the chromo every advance subscriber to The Aldine for 1875 is constituted a member and entitled to the privilege of

THE ALDINE ART UNION.

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